MY INDEPENDENCE DAY.

LET him, who will, burn powder, ring bells, and make a noise,
And list to windy orators, if that's what he enjoys
And deems a sane, appropriate, and nineteenth-century way
To celebrate the glorious date of Independence day;

Or let him toil and strain and strive in some athletic game,
Or else beneath a broiling sun sit down to watch the same,
Or join the hot, perspiring crowds on an excursion boat
That think they must be happy just because they are afloat;

Or let him do a thousand things that eager minds invent
To lure the wary dollar and corral the nimble cent
Of the patriotic citizen who tries hard to be gay,
"Because," thinks he, "I ought to be," but doesn't know the way.

But let me rather steal away to some secluded spot,
Where, lost in sylvan solitudes, with all life's cares forgot,
Unmoved by moss-grown custom, or by what the neighbors say,
I'll celebrate, at any rate, my Independence day.

—H. G. Paine, in Harper's Weekly.

One of The Signers.

THIS Thursday, the memorable Fourth of July, 1776, and the delegates of the provincial congress are assembled in the state house at Philadelphia, famous ever since that day as Independence hall. There are 56, the representative men of the colonies, the great land owners, the prosperous merchants, the leading lawyers, the official magnates, the sturdy yeomanry of the new nation soon to be. Familiar to us almost as the persons of our own fathers, they stand grouped in that stately hall, discussing the all-absorbing question—shall these colonies be free and independent states?

SIGNING THE DECLARATION.

There is John Hancock, the president, patrician and courtly to the very tips of his toes, and sandy-haired, long Tom Jefferson, the most ardent of democrats. Stout, pompous, red-faced John Adams, and the white-haired, venerable Benjamin Franklin are there. There, too, are the slight, wiry Elbridge Gerry, and portly Benjamin Harrison, who weighed nearly 300 pounds; Roger Sherman, grave and dignified, and the Quaker, Stephen Hopkins, who stands with his hat on. We know them all well. They vote, and the declaration is passed. America is free.

Then comes another day—August 2 of the same memorable year. Nearly the same group is assembled in the same hall. They have met this time to sign the great charter of our liberties. There is no hesitation, no hanging back, no weakness, though every signer knows full well the import of his action. They will all be marked men, declared rebels to the king, and perhaps be hung for treason. But not a man refuses to sign. One after another the delegates go forward to the table and place their signatures on the parchment, where John Hancock has already placed his name in that bold, defiant and ornate hand of his. Every man watches his neighbor as he writes.

By the side of Samuel Adams, talking in a friendly way, is a man every way different in look and dress. Adams is plain and democratic, even more so than Jefferson, and has been schooled in the hardest of all schools—adversity. His companion is to the manor born, rich and aristocratic as an English noble, and the inheritor of a great name. But his patriotism is as ardent as that of the New England Puritan, and he is willing to sacrifice even more.

And now it is his turn to go forward to the table. He takes the goose-quill and signs his name, in well-defined characters, with a hand that does not tremble: "Charles Carroll." A whisper passes among his associates. If the new confederacy is crushed by the mother country, the framers of this treasonable document would have to suffer for their action. There were a number of Charles Carrolls then living in the colonies, and this particular Charles Carroll had a chance to escape, which none of his colleagues could hope for.

The murmur reached his ear as he arose from the table. He instantly turned back, picked up the pen again, and completed his signature in a manner that left no doubt as to which Charles Carroll was accountable.

Doubtless many were wondering why that one signature, "Charles Carroll, of Carrollton," stands out different from the rest. It is for the reason that the signer did not intend his identity as a patriot to be doubtful or misleading.

When he subscribed to that record of glory, Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, was in his 40th year, and owner of the largest fortune in America.

"There go a few millions," said the wealthy Virginian planter, Benjamin Harrison (father and great-grandfather of future presidents), as the rich planter traced his name on the parchment. Millions would indeed have gone—for his possessions were princely—had not success crowned the American arms in the long and bloody struggle.

He was the grandson of an Irish gentleman who emigrated to Maryland in 1689, and took up a vast estate—one of the last of the old manorial grants. The manor house that he built still stands near Annapolis—a huge, roomy old structure, with its wings and outhouses, covering an acre of ground.

In this grand old mansion house of Carrollton the future signer was born on September 20, 1737. Cradled in affluence, the oldest of his father's sons, and heir to the manorial property, young Carroll knew nothing of the hardships of life. He was brought up like a young prince, had his horses and hounds, and all the spending money he liked. Nobody could have seen in the slim, delicate, carefully-nurtured young scion of the Carrolls, of Carrollton, one of the sternest and truest of patriots.

At the age of eight years, Charles Carroll was sent to France for the purpose of obtaining an education. He spent six years at the College of St. Omers, and subsequently he was at Rheims and Bourges.

In the year 1757 he went to England, and commenced the study of law in the Temple in London. There he made the acquaintance of a number of young Englishmen, who were afterward quite as famous as he was.

He returned to America, in 1764, an accomplished scholar and an accomplished man, just as the first mutterings of the storm between the colonies and Great Britain were heard in the land. How would he, the young aristocrat, the heir of countless acres, the man of European education and training—how would he bear himself in this struggle between the tyrant and the oppressed?

The archives of his country and the rolls of his native state all show that Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, did his duty nobly. Temptations there must have been for him to take sides with the loyal faction, but he chose the side of the oppressed, and freedom never had a bolder or more eloquent champion than it had in the rich and patrician young Marylander.

Always at the front, he was one of a committee of three, with Samuel Chase and Benjamin Franklin, to visit Canada to invite the people of that province to unite with the Americans in their struggle for independence; he was a member of four congresses, signer of the declaration, United States senator, and for many years a state senator. During all this time, voice, hand and pen were engaged in the service of his country.

Perhaps the greatest service he did was in bringing Maryland into the rank of states for independence. The large majority was opposed to separation from the mother country, and the state delegates were pledged to oppose the idea in congress. But Carroll was for separation, and, by his untiring efforts he succeeded in changing the sentiment of his state to his side.

On the 4th of July, 1776, the very day the declaration was passed at Philadelphia, he was elected to congress, and thus became one of the immortal galaxy whose names are affixed to that charter of our liberties.

In 1810, when past his three-score years and ten, Mr. Carroll retired from public life, but he was not to retire from public sight.

On July 4, 1821, the fact that only four of the signers of the Declaration of Independence were still living was noticed in many of the newspapers of the time. Thirty days afterward, one of them, William Floyd, of New York, was dead. The death of John Adams and Thomas Jefferson on July 4, 1826, left Charles Carroll the last surviving signer. He lived almost seven years longer. On July 4, 1828, after he had passed the age of 90 years, in the presence of a vast concourse of spectators, and attended by an imposing civic procession, he laid the corner-stone of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad. He died November 14, 1832, at the age of 95 years.

It is customary to suppose that only the lower and middle classes embraced the cause of liberty in the revolutionary contest. But this opinion is not warranted by the facts. Many of the wealthiest men in the colonies were ardent patriots. Washington and the Lees, of Virginia, were wealthy men. John Hancock and Robert Morris were each the most affluent individual in his respective state. The Livingstons, of New York, ranked among the greatest landholders in the country. But of all the patriots of the revolution, none risked so much, none had so much to lose, as Charles Carroll, of Carrollton. It is pleasant to know that he handed down an undiminished estate to his children, one of whom was subsequently governor of his native state. And the name is still one of honor in Maryland.
—Fred Myron Colby, in Golden Days.

A CANNON CRACKER.

A Railroad Engineer's Story of a Narrow Escape.

I am an old railroad man, having spent the best years of my life at the throttle, and have had a great many hairbreadth escapes and thrilling adventures on the rail. But one dark, stormy night, nearly ten years ago, I went through an experience that came near ending my life, although I was not injured physically in the least.

In those days the railroad companies used what is called the torpedo system of signaling much more than at the present time. The torpedo is simply a little tin cup filled with powder, to which is attached a cap, so that the pressure of the locomotive in passing over it will cause it to explode. There was a regular code of torpedo signals and when an engineer heard the report of a single torpedo, which meant "stop," he lost no time in reversing his engine and whistling for brakes.

I was pulling a passenger train, at the time the event occurred, on what is called the Cherryvale division of the K. C., Ft. S. & M. R. R., which runs from Fort Scott, Kan., to Cherryvale. The road had just been widened from narrow gauge to standard, and as it had been raining for the past week, the streams were all swollen, and the roadbed was soft, making traveling at any very great rate of speed very unsafe. We made the trip from Cherryvale to Fort Scott and back in one day, and all the crew, therefore, made their homes in Cherryvale.

On the morning of the 3d of July I left home for the roundhouse, promising my little boy to bring him some fireworks for the Fourth. I made the purchases at Fort Scott, and among the fireworks was a large cannon cracker, which I tossed in the fireman's seat-box.

We pulled out of Fort Scott on time, and in such a rainstorm as I have never since witnessed. By the time we arrived at Pittsburgh we were 20 minutes late on account of the storm. At the next station we got orders to "run to Cherokee and go in the hole," as we railroad men call side-tracking, as a train had been wrecked west of that place.

We were due out of Cherokee at 5:15; but before the two cars that had jumped the track could be got back on the rails it was eight o'clock, and raining as only it can rain in southeastern Kansas.

After leaving Cherokee I opened the throttle, and we shot along through the rain at a speed that was frightful, considering the softness of the roadbed and the danger of washouts. But an engineer never thinks of danger when he is behind time.

The headlight burned with a dim, yellow light, and only pierced the darkness to the distance of a few yards. There

I OPENED THE THROTTLE.

was but one bridge of any consequence between Cherokee and Cherryvale, and I intended slacking up for it. The fireman worked like a beaver to keep up the steam, as the rain cooled the boiler, making it more difficult to keep the proper pressure. Along we sped through the darkness, the flashes of lightning lighting up the surrounding country as bright as day, and making it almost impossible to see at all by the sudden return to darkness.

As we neared the Neosho river I slackened the speed, intending to run slowly over the bridge, when distinctly above the roar of the train, and the storm sounded the report of a single torpedo. Instantly I shut her off, reversed the lever and applied the brakes. She slowed down quickly and stopped with the pilot of the engine projecting over a chasm—for Neosho bridge was gone!

The conductor came running forward to see what caused us to stop, and when he saw how nearly I had come to pulling the passenger train into the Neosho river, he trembled like an aspen, and was utterly powerless to move.

But about the torpedo signal?

When I told the conductor how I happened to stop, in answer to his question, he laughed at me. How could anyone put a torpedo on the track at that place and no station within ten miles? I did not know, but I heard it distinctly, and so did my fireman, who could no more explain its being there than I could. One thing was certain—the bridge was gone, and there was nothing for us to do but to back to Cherokee and get orders, and I jumped into the cab, feeling a little more queer than I ever felt before in all my railroad experience.

"Oh, Ned, look here!" said my fireman, as we stopped at the sidetrack at Cherokee.

He was holding open his seat-box. I looked, and the whole thing dawned upon me.

There, in the bottom of the seat-box, was a mass of torn, blackened brown paper, and the fireman's dinner-bucket and his pipe, which he threw lighted into the box when getting down from his seat to "put in a fire," and which had ignited the firecracker fuse.

We were saved a horrible death indirectly by my little boy, and I never allowed a "Fourth" to pass after that without buying him a large supply of fireworks.

When we told the story in Fort Scott, the railroad fellows would not believe it; but, after they found it was the truth, they took up a collection, and now Larry Doolen, the fireman, is the owner of the finest meerschaum pipe west of the Mississippi.—Evert L. Paul, in Golden Days.

FUN ON THE FOURTH.

"All ready, Jakey—now let him have it!"

Mr. Hard-of-Hearing thought he heard a noise.

Our Fourth of July Boy.

He started out early, our dear little boy
With 17 packs and a nice cannon toy,
A pistol for caps and torpedoes galore,
And 149 pinwheels or more.

We hired a man just to watch him at play,
And to follow his footsteps around all the day;
Ten times in the morning he saved the dear's life,
But was blown up himself and sent home to his wife.

And at night, when they brought what was left of our boy,
Our anguish was tempered by small grains of joy;
For he said, as the powder was picked from his eye,
"I wish 'at to-morrow was Fourth o' July!"

Then the doctors came round at our urgent request,
And tacked on his limbs where they fitted the best;
But the kid only said: "I'd be willin' to die
Every day if 'twas only the Fourth o' July!"

—N. Y. Evening Sun.

A Reasoner.

"There, Willie," said the lad's mother, "is ten cents for you. Now, what are you going to do with it?"

"Save it up to buy fireworks for the Fourth of July," replied the boy, in a tone whose positiveness was almost defiant.

"Why, Willie, you know you are saving up your money to give to the heathen."

"Y-yes'm, but the Chinese are heathen, aren't they?"

"Yes, dear."

"And the Chinese make the firecrackers, don't they?"

"I am told they do."

"Well, then, the heathen'll get my money just the same, so it's all right."
—Burlington (Ia.) Journal.

He Had.

"It seems to me," observed one of the neighbors, happening along during the afternoon of the glorious Fourth, "you might have put a flag or two on the front of your house."

"We did," answered the wild-looking man on the veranda, "but we had to take them down and use them for bandages."—Chicago Tribune.

Our Nation's Birthday.

James G. Blaine once said that America is the only country with a known birthday; that all the other countries began they knew not when and grew into power they knew not how.

A Success.

"Was little Tommy Bunker's Fourth of July celebration a success?"

"I guess so. I see the Bunkers have called three doctors in already."—Exchange.

CULTIVATING PERSONALITY.

It Is Well Enough to Avoid the Commonplace.

Cultivating a personality is all right, girls, provided you go about it in the right way. Don't, for instance, acquire it at the expense of self-repose.

You can all to easily become known as the girl who rumples her forehead, uses her hands like a deaf mute, punctuates her conversation with spasmodic little head jerks, and otherwise impresses her audience with the idea that she is indulging in a mild form of social athletics.

There is, of course, such a thing as a perfume personality, and, what is more, it doesn't, as some people contend, come from the exclusive use of soap and water. It comes from a liberal employment of sachet powder among your belongings, and, of course, it takes money to gratify the whim. It is a notion, by the way, that must be very fastidiously manipulated or your friends will dub your tastes vulgar. Any sachet or scent suggestive of musk is distinctly bad form.

Priestesses of hygiene strive for a well-groomed personality. This is more pleasant to the disciples of body culture than the hall-marks of beauty or brilliancy.

Some young women attain a correspondence personality. Their writing-table is their vantage ground, and the white-winged messengers they dispatch by mail carry with them certain details of good breeding that invest the author with a charming atmosphere of good taste.

Dress individuality comes from many sources. Sometimes you can get it in one way; sometimes in another. A damsel with a neck that is perfection secures her dress individuality by ignoring high collars when universally in favor, and always wearing waists that are finished around the throat with a soft fluff of lace or ruffles.

Some little jewelry caprice, such as the exclusive wearing of cat's-eyes or turquoises, will stamp its patroness as one just a trifle removed from the commonplace.

Oh! it's a harmless trick of womanhood, this effort to dodge the conventional, and it is sure to please until it takes the form of unreposeful mannerisms in speech or person.

Then the misguided one becomes a target for criticism.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

BASELY DECEIVED.

This Man Has a Grievance Against the Weather Bureau.

It was one of the hottest days that usurped the privileges of balmy spring. The sun beat down until a mist of heat came from the stone walks and the brick walls. Toward a furnishing store a fat man, among Detroit's best-known citizens, made his weary way. In one hand he used two handkerchiefs as a mop, while with the other he kept up the busy action of a palm-leaf fan. Perspiration ran in merry rivulets down his shining face, to be absorbed in the wilted collar and collapsed shirt front that were immaculate an hour before. He was panting with the respiratory unction of a porpoise and at intervals muttered execrations that hissed with steam. His hair looked as though he had been swimming, and his nose was beaded with glistening drops:

"Show me a straw hat," ordered the man of flesh as he settled down on the little round seat that at once suggested the frail stem of a great toadstool.

"Looks like rain," ventured the clerk, who is always under orders to be pleasant.

"Don't look a bit like rain. Weather forecast is for a dry spell. This one will do. Now I'll get some pie-plant leaves and put in it. Don't propose to have my brain baked."

An hour later he was on the wooded part of the island, handkerchiefs and fan still in commission. Suddenly, as if the heavens had opened, he was deluged with rain. The mucilage from the hat mingled with the extracted green of the big leaf, poured down over his head, neck and face, blinded his eyes, filled his ears and streamed over his natty light suit. He swore outrageously as he groped his way to the landing, and by his hopelessly bedraggled appearance excited the passengers to say that the poor fellow must have been drinking to cool off and then went in bathing without thinking to take anything off. He was a study in water colors that might have been mixed by nature in a frog-pond. Now he is going around with a blank check trying to hire some big lawyer to sue the government for damages because it made false representations through its weather department.—Detroit Free Press.

Iced Coffee.

Put six heaping tablespoonfuls of powdered coffee—Java and Mocha mixed—into a French coffee pot, pour one quart of boiling water over the coffee. When it has leached through turn it out into a hot quart cup and pour it over again, so it leaches through the second time. Pour the coffee into a freezer. Sweeten to taste and add one pint of rich cream. Pack the freezer with chipped ice, and when the coffee is congealed, take a large punch bowl, into it put a good-sized piece of ice. Pour the frozen coffee over this and cover the whole with whipped cream to the depth of three inches. Serve with a silver ladle in small egg-shell china cups.
—St. Louis Republic.

Creamed Salmon.

Heat one cupful of milk in a chafing dish or double boiler, rub together a tablespoonful of flour and half as much butter and stir smoothly into the milk. Next put in one can of salmon, breaking it as little as possible, season to taste and serve as soon as heated through.—Albany Journal.

Curbstone Philosophy.

Dilby—Alas, this world is full of change.

Dedbroke—Yes; but confound it, the only trouble with me is that I can't seem to get hold of enough of it to go halfway round.—Town Topics.

HUMOROUS.

—She—"I would not marry you if I were to live to be 100 years old." He—"Well, I should say you wouldn't if I had anything to say in the matter."—Indianapolis Journal.

—He—"Hear the duet Mr. and Mrs. Bacon are playing." She—"I hear Mrs. Bacon playing the piano; that's all." "Well, Bacon is playing the hose in the yard."—Yonkers Statesman.

—She (angrily)—"I was a fool when I married you." He—"Aren't you a fool still?" She—"No, I am not." He—"Then you should be thankful to me for reforming you."—Tid-Bits.

—For the life of me," said the young man, "I don't see why a woman was not born with the same capacity for swallowing excuses that she has for ice cream."—Indianapolis Journal.

—His Winning Card.—"Why are you going to marry that man, Laura? He hasn't a single quality to recommend him!" "Oh, yes, he has, Cora. He is the only man I ever saw who knows how to carry an umbrella."—Detroit Free Press.

—Drummer—"You must have seen many strange things in your time, Uncle Reub." Uncle Reub—"Most every strange thing there be, I guess, b'gosh! I've lived here in Overbehind, man an' boy, for 80 years, an' my eyes ain't been shut, stranger."—Exchange.

—Lady with Alpenstock — "I can never reach the top of this mountain." Guide—"But, madam, see—there are those ladies on the summit!" Lady—"Yes, I know—but they are Chicago women who live in the top stories in apartment buildings!"—Chicago Record.

—"It's real mean," said the Amazon, indignantly. "There ought to be some sort of restriction to prevent such a thing in civilized warfare." "What do you mean?" "One of the scouts has just come in. She reports that the enemy is making arrangements to use trained mice."—Washington Star.

—Grandpa's Explanation.—A small boy who had heard a good deal of conversation on the progress of civilization went up to his grandfather and said: "Grandpa, tell me what is the difference between barbarism and civilization?" "Barbarism, my boy, is killing your enemy with a hatchet a distance of a step; civilization is killing him with a bombshell 12 miles away."—Chicago Times-Herald.

INDIANS AND TORNADOES.

Red Men Selected Chicago Site Because Cyclones Never Touched It.

"In the speculation about cyclones in Chicago," said Amos Kersey, a resident of Elmhurst, who has known Chicago for almost 50 years, "one most important thing is usually overlooked. In the ordinary course of nature there will never be a tornado in Chicago. It is not entirely a question of why the city is safe. The main thing is: Is it safe? After that speculation is idle.

"But you know that tornadoes never visit localities where the Indians had villages? They never do. There was an Indian village at the mouth of the Chicago river when the first explorer came to the portage. And tradition then said that a village always had stood there. There has never been a cyclone in the city. Sometimes they come within ten miles, but they never wreck the city.

"There was no Indian village on the site of St. Louis, and cyclones have come there repeatedly. The one in 1872 was almost as severe as this one of Wednesday.

"I don't pretend to understand why, you know. I only give you the facts. I suppose the course of storms, the channel in which they travel, is as definitely fixed as the course of the gulf stream or the recurrence of the seasons. In passing ages the people, however primitive, will come to recognize these boundaries. They will not make settlements in the places where tornadoes come. They will go to places where tornadoes never have struck.

"By that system of selection they chose Chicago. They did not choose St. Louis. Now, it may be the presence of the lake—though that scarcely seems reasonable, as other lake cities have been visited. It may be the general flat character of the land, but Kansas and Nebraska have suffered, and they are as level. I don't know why. I only state as a result of my observation and study that sites of Indian villages are never visited by cyclones."—Chicago Post.

Saluting the Flag.

Coffee is now served out, and for 15 minutes the sailors sit and sip it before beginning the morning work of scrubbing decks and cleaning ship. This work should be finished by five minutes to eight, when the bugle sounds the first call for colors. Upon which the quartermaster bends on the flag to the halyards of the flagstaff at the stern, and a signal-boy does the same with the "jack" at the bow, and both stand ready to hoist them at eight o'clock. A little period of waiting follows, and then eight o'clock is reported by an orderly to the officer of the deck, who sends the orderly to report it to the captain. Presently the orderly returns and reports:

"The captain says: 'Make it,' sir."

Thereupon the officer of the deck orders:

"Sound off!"

Then ring out the clear, majestic notes of the salute to the flag, while all men about the deck face it as it soars with dignity aloft and floats out to the morning breeze, officers and men touching their caps in reverential salute as it comes to rest and the music dies away in long, full notes.—Lieut. John M. Ellicott, in St. Nicholas.

A Hint.

He—Don't you suppose the wild waves are beginning to say something down at the seashore?

She—I don't know. I do know what the winds are saying, though I don't think you do."

"No. What do they say?"

"Woo!"—Cincinnati Enquirer.